

Every
Seeker for
Work Will
Find Something
Valuable
to Him

ON
PAGE
7
TO-DAY.

FAIR

Read
the Article
in the Next
Sunday
World.

Do
You
Know that
Vigilant's Bells
Are Larger Than
Any City Hall
Park?

FAIR

PRICE ONE CENT.

EXTRA. 2 O'CLOCK.

VALKYRIE SAFE IN PORT.

England's Challenger for the
America's Cup at Anchor
off Bay Ridge.

BUFFETED BY RAGING SEAS.

Storm Jib Blown Away and
Treason Split in a
Heavy Gale.

TOOK A NORTHERLY COURSE.

Towed In by the Tug Charm
at an Early Hour This
Morning.

Valkyrie is safe in port.

After a stormy passage of nearly thirty days, England's challenger for the America's Cup came in past Sandy Hook at 5 A. M. today in tow of the tug Charm. She was sighted at early dawn on the southeastern horizon by the Sandy Hook observatory. When near Scotland Lightship she ran up the ensign of the Royal British Yacht Club. The American ensign was run up on the observatory flagstaff, and when the yacht passed the point salutes were exchanged.

Valkyrie carried masts, stay-sails, jib and gaff topsail. She passed on up to Quarantine, where Health Officer Jenkins and his assistants were waiting

for her in the boarding tug Charles F. Allen. An "Evening World" representative who had been cruising about the lower bay all night on a tug welcomed

her. Almost the first thing Dr. Jenkins did after giving Capt. Cranfield a hearty handshake, was to hand him a letter from H. Maitland Kersey, General Manager of the White Star line and personal representative of Lord Dunraven in America. The letter contained orders for Capt. Cranfield to proceed immediately for Bay Ridge, whence the yacht would be taken to the Erie Basin for such repairs as she might need.

In consequence the Health Officer's examination was made brief. Capt. Cranfield reported himself and crew all perfectly sound and well.

The yacht arrived at Quarantine at 7.30 A. M., and ten minutes later she was on her way across the bay to her anchorage at Bay Ridge.

Immediately after her arrival at Bay Ridge she was boarded by another "Evening World" reporter with the tug William E. Ferguson, Capt. L. L. De Noyelles. The anchor was run up in a hurry by the crew and at Capt. Cranfield's request the yacht was towed about 1,000 yards further north, directly in front of the Atlantic Yacht Club house. Steward Thinks fired a gun, and hauling down the Atlantic flag ran up the pennant of the Royal Yacht Squadron. The yacht saluted by dipping the English flag.

Cap. Cranfield, a fine-looking, blue-eyed Englishman, with a bushy, sandy beard, said:

"We have had a rather rough passage, but the boat is all right. She behaved splendidly in the heavy weather

we encountered. We lost a few sails in the gales, of which we had several. The crew are all right, not a man on board was hurt during the passage. We shall begin to fit out at once for the races."

"Where you spoken by the steamship Spain last week?" was asked.

"No, she did not speak us, but we sailed along with her for a long time. We hoisted our signals, but it was hazy and she did not see them."

"The hardest and shortest day" runs of the Valkyrie's entire passage were since the Spain sighted her last Saturday.

From Aug. 21, when she passed between Selly and Land's End until Sept. 1, she had light easterly winds. On Sept. 2 and 3 there were squalls from the westward and confused seas, with falling barometer, and on Sept. 4 they had to take the main boom off their top-sail and put it in the crutch.

On Sept. 5 she was under close-reefed topsail in a northwest gale, and the next day it moderated a little, only to come on harder again on Sept. 7 from S.W., when she was close-reefed again. On the 9th there was four hours of dense fog and a moderate breeze.

It was at 8 P. M., Sept. 11, that a hurricane struck the Valkyrie. Under a close-reefed topsail she behaved wonderfully well in the mountainous sea which began to break over her. They set her "head reef" under the topsail. She shipped some very heavy seas about midnight, carrying away the stanchions and bending the tiller. None of the crew was hurt at this time. The barometer was down to 29.7.

The hurricane, which had been from the north, now veered to north-north-east, and blew harder than ever. With ease.

"We spoke several steamers bound east, but I suppose they have not arrived on the other side yet."

Then turning to Capt. Harney, the navigator, Capt. Cranfield said:

"Give 'The Evening World' all the information they want about the passage."

"The yacht's deck showed very little signs of the bad weather she had encountered. Six water casks are lashed amidships, some spare spars were lying on deck. Her short bowsprit was run in so that not more than ten feet extended outward."

Her crew of twenty-four men, under the direction of the captain, had the topsail sent down on deck, the bowsprit rigged in, and her masts unshaken, a few minutes after she came to anchor.

The men seemed to move like clock-work.

Capt. Haines, who is about twenty-six years old, has a kindly face and a vast knowledge of navigation. He escorted "The Evening World" man to the cabin, where the logbook was referred to for a story of the passage.

"The boat is all right, as you can see," said he, "but she has been through some hard weather. I can tell you, if she had not been a good 'un she might not have come out so well. Our course was not to the south, as supposed."

"We passed a big ship bottom up on Sept. 16, just before one of the gales struck us. We could see the copper on her, and her keel was in plain view."

"After the Spain passed us last Saturday, we had a fresh gale from the west, but she was well past the Hook."

As soon as the Valkyrie was sighted at Sandy Hook, telegrams were sent to Designer Watson and H. Maitland Kersey, the American representative of Lord Dunraven's yacht, Mr. Kersey and Mr. Watson boarded the tug White Star at Pier 4, North River, at 8 A. M., and went down to Bay Ridge.

The captain of the tug Charm was very proud of having towed the British yacht into port, especially as he had to race with the tug Henry Hudson in the morning. The two tugs had a lively scramble for nearly two miles, but the Charm was a little nearer at the start and got there first.

Lord Dunraven's yacht seems to have a strange facility for sailing along the back of the wind. The yacht, which is neither the steamship Trave nor Columbia, which arrived early this morning, says that the Valkyrie made the tugs and private yachts that were on the lookout for her saw her only when she was well past the Hook.

For her in the boarding tug Charles F. Allen. An "Evening World" representative who had been cruising about the lower bay all night on a tug welcomed

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No. 5 and took Pilot Dennis Reardon to board. We were then in latitude 40.19 N. long. 72 west. This morning it was calm and clear, we sailed almost abreast the Highland Lights, when we were taken in tow by the tug Charm.

"We were just twenty-nine days, eighteen hours from Southampton, allowing six hours' difference of time."

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CAUGHT IN THE RAID.

Eleven Prisoners Taken from an
Alleged Opium "Joint."

One of the Largest and Most Elaborate
Places Yet Found.

Three Floors Fitted Up for Smoking
the Drug.

Eleven prisoners, the result of a raid upon an alleged opium "joint," over Kennedy's saloon at Forty-first street and Seventh avenue, were arrested by Justice Hogan in Jefferson Market Police Court this morning.

The "joint" was one of the largest and most elaborately furnished. Capt. Price says, that he never raided. The expense of fitting it out must have been several thousands of dollars.

Four pipes with all appurtenances and a quantity of opium were found in the place and confiscated.

The reputed proprietress was Mary Sibby. According to the police, she was driven out of her saloon about two years ago. Since that time, it is alleged, she has opened several dens in this city, down to 29.7.

The three upper stories of the building were occupied by her. On the first floor Mrs. Sibby, Adeline Harris and a young man who gave the name of Gray were captured. A Japanese man smoking Gray was loitering on the bell.

The second floor was occupied by Nina Mandel and Kittle Raymond were found smoking. A fashionably dressed young man, said to be a clerk in a big Sixth avenue store, was just going round for a shopping trip, when a pipe arranged for him. He gave his name as Charles Harris.

The top floor was occupied by Mary Edwards, Lena Harris, Mary Williams and William Wilson. Only Mary Edwards was speaking when the police came. The prisoners made no fuss, but went along just as if the experience was not a novelty.

The raid was made by Capt. Price, of the West Thirtieth street station, and Detective James Stewart. The complaint was made at 5.30 and at 6.30 the eleven inmates of the place behind the bars in the station-house.

The prisoners were all held for examination this afternoon.

A meeting of the Committee on Organization of Tammany Hall will be held at the Fourteenth street Wigwam to-night to approve the call for primaries for the local nominating committee issued by the Executive Committee last week.

The General Committee last week, Friday night to ratify the call. Under the Tammany Hall red-tape business is necessary.

The primaries will be held Oct. 7, and the following Assembly, Monday, Friday, Oct. 13; Senate, Saturday, Oct. 14; County, Tuesday, Oct. 17.

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MARCO'S STORY IN COURT.

He Formally Accuses His Sister-in-Law of Murder.

Says She Poisoned His Wife Because She Loved Him.

Joseph Marco, the Williamsburg butcher, who was told in "The Evening World" yesterday, alleges that his wife was deliberately poisoned by his sister-in-law, was in the Lee Avenue Court again today for the purpose of securing a warrant. With him were his late wife's sister, Mrs. Rosemary, of this city, and her uncle and his wife.

"This woman, although the wife of my brother, was in love with me," said Marco. "Ever since her husband died, she made love to me, and kept it up after I was married. She was a very cunning woman. She often kissed me in front of her. She often said she wished I was single so she could marry me."

"I made the coffee which caused my stepdaughter's death," declared Mrs. Rosemary. "I was in the kitchen when the doctor tasted it. Mrs. Marco was in the room. Mrs. Marco told the doctor that she was in the kitchen. She put a little of it in her pipe. She put a little of it in her pipe. She put a little of it in her pipe."

The widow Marco, who is accused of doing the poisoning, was seen this morning in her room at 125 Harrison avenue. She is highly intelligent at the statements she made. She said she was very much surprised to find that her husband was a man who had no money, brains and no other qualities. I drank of the coffee that day as well as the others. I did not know that it was poisoned. I did not know that it was poisoned. I did not know that it was poisoned."

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PANIC AT A FIRE.

Policemen Distinguish Themselves
Carrying out the Tenants.

Driver John Duffy's Fatal Run
Through the Flames.

Blaze Started, It Is Said, by a Man
Hurling a Lamp.

Three alarms were rung early this morning for a fire in the second-story tenement, 43 West Fifty-fourth street. The blaze extended to two adjoining tenements. The tenants were panic-stricken, and there were several narrow escapes from death.

The building in which the fire started is one of a row of tenements extending from 41 to 45 West Fifty-fourth street. Twenty families live in it.

The fire broke out about 2.30 A. M. Policeman William Wignam, of the West Forty-seventh street station, discovered the blaze. He was on post in Fifty-fourth street when he saw smoke pouring from the roof of 43.

He knew his whistle, which brought Policeman Wignam, who had an alarm from the box at Tenth avenue and Fifty-fifth street.

Wignam kicked in the door of the burning tenement and tried to go upstairs. He found the lower hall in flames. He was trying to reach the stairs to the roof.

Wignam pulled the bells, pounded on the door with his club and tried to get as far as he could.

The sleeping tenants were aroused by the commotion and the rattling of the fire engines. A panic ensued.

The stairs were in flames. The fire engines were trying to reach the stairs to the roof.

The panic-stricken tenants took to the fire escapes with all the haste they could. The building was fortunately amply provided. There are ten balconies and ten fire escapes.

In a few minutes the women were crowded with men, women and children, who struggled to escape. The utmost precaution was taken to prevent a panic.

Capt. O'Connor, of 41 Engine, sent a second alarm. This was followed by a third alarm. The fire engines were trying to reach the stairs to the roof.

While the tenants of the burning building were being rescued, the fire engines were trying to reach the stairs to the roof.

The fire broke had penetrated all the houses, and the people were getting out as fast as they could. All had to flee in their night clothes.

Policeman Wignam and Roundman Skelly carried Mrs. Duffy, a few days ago, down from the second floor of 43.

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MAY DIE FROM HIS HURTS.

Paul McAvoy Injured at a Fire in
West Fifty-fourth Street.

The firemen were coming away from the Fifty-fourth street fire at 4.45 o'clock, when another fire broke out in the building at 45 West Fifty-fourth street, which is occupied by ten families.

The blaze started in the fourth story, which is occupied by Paul McAvoy, a compositor, who lives there with his wife and two sisters.

Most of the tenants were asleep, having been awakened by the fire. McAvoy was in the room with his wife and two sisters. He was in the room with his wife and two sisters. He was in the room with his wife and two sisters.

It is supposed he either threw himself from the window or tried to escape by the fire escape, and fell to his death.

The rest of the tenants got out safely. The firemen were coming away from the Fifty-fourth street fire at 4.45 o'clock, when another fire broke out in the building at 45 West Fifty-fourth street, which is occupied by ten families.

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